



48 PAGES EVERY WEEK

NO. 602

\$1.50

CAN \$2.00

U.K. 60p

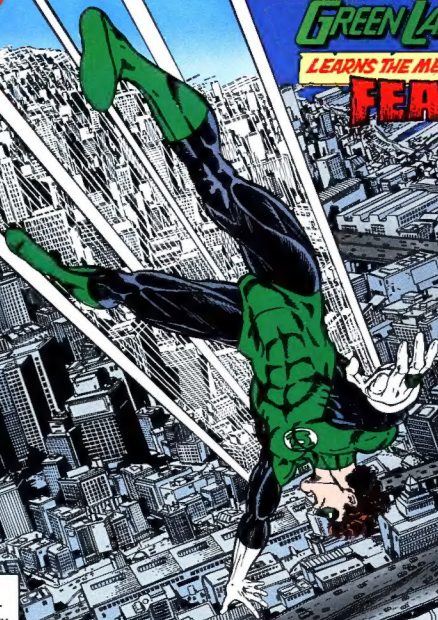
# ACTION

COMICS® WEEKLY

**GREEN LANTERN**

LEARNS THE MEANING OF

**FEAR!**



— PLUS —  
BLACKHAWK  
WILD DOG  
SECRET SIX  
DEADMAN  
SUPERMAN

# GREEN LANTERN

WRITTEN BY JAMES OWNSLEY  
DRAWN BY GIL KANE  
LETTERED BY ALBERT DEGUZMAN  
COLORED BY ANTHONY TOLLIN  
EDITED BY DENNY O'NEIL

TWENTY SECONDS AGO,  
GREEN LANTERN ENTERED  
JOHN STEWART'S APARTMENT.

STEWART IS ONE  
OF HIS CLOSEST  
FRIENDS...

...OR, AT  
LEAST, HE  
WAS...

KIATMA...  
MY WIFE... SHE'S  
DEAD. HACKED  
TO PIECES...

...AND IT'S  
YOUR FAULT!

# REQUIEM

ACTION COMICS WEEKLY 602 (USPS 004-480). Published weekly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10103. Second class postage paid at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ACTION COMICS WEEKLY, DC Comics Inc., Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1981, New York, NY 10185. Annual subscription rate \$78.00. Outside U.S.A. \$86.00 in U.S. funds. Copyright © 1988 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc. Advertising Representative: Print Advertising Representatives Inc., 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017. (212) 391-1400. Printed in U.S.A. DC Comics Inc. A Warner Communications Company.



THAT'S IT, "BUDDY." TAKE A GOOD LONG LOOK. I DON'T WANT YOU TO MISS ANYTHING!



KATMA WAS A FRIEND TO YOU... A FORMER GREEN LANTERN. ONE OF THE FIRST YOU'D EVER MET!



SOMEONE TOOK HER LIFE TODAY, HAL. SOME MANIAC SLICED HER TO PIECES...

...SIMPLY TO TICK YOU OFF.



ONCE, WE WERE ALL IN THIS BIG FRATERNITY, HAL -- THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS. WE KICKED TAIL FROM ONE END OF THE GALAXY TO THE OTHER!



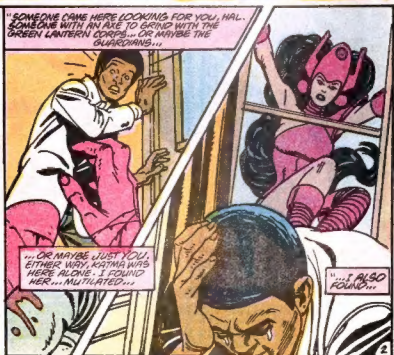
AND THEN, SUDDENLY, IT WAS ALL DESTROYED!

THERE ARE THREE GREEN LANTERNS LEFT IN THE UNIVERSE, HAL. CH'P, WHO DESERTED US LAST YEAR...



... GUY GARDNER, WHO DOESN'T GIVE SQUAT ABOUT ANYONE BUT HIMSELF...

...AND YOU.



"SOMEONE CAME HERE LOOKING FOR YOU, HAL... SOMEONE WITH AN AXE TO GRIND WITH THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS... OR MAYBE THE GUARDIANS...

... OR MAYBE JUST YOU. EITHER WAY, KATMA WAS HERE ALONE. I FOUND HER... MUTILATED...

... I ALSO FOUND...



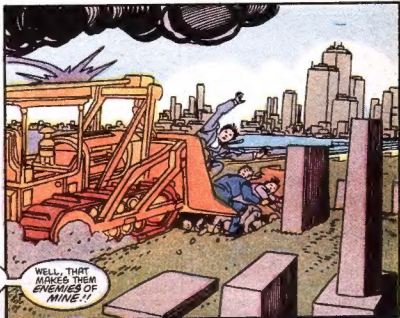




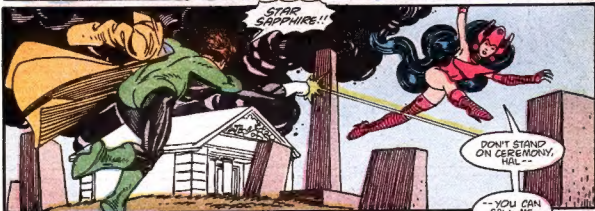
THE SEARCH  
IS OVER.

HELLO,  
HAL.

THESE IDIOTS  
FRIENDS OF  
YOURS?



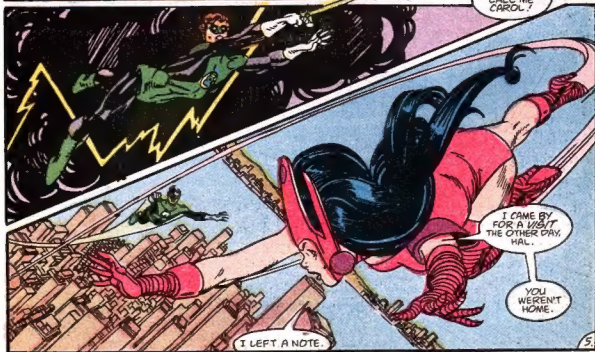
WELL, THAT  
MAKES THEM  
ENEMIES OF  
MINE!!



STAR  
SAPPHIRE!!

DON'T STAND  
ON CEREMONY,  
HAL--

--YOU CAN  
CALL ME  
CAROL.



I CAME BY  
FOR A VISIT  
THE OTHER DAY,  
HAL.

YOU  
WEREN'T  
HOME.

I LEFT A NOTE.





CAROL... THIS IS SICK! WHY KILL KATMA?!

SHE WAS HOME!



WHY ATTACK ME TO BEGIN WITH? I'VE DONE NOTHING TO YOU!!

WRONG.

YOU EXIST.

YOU LIVE, YOU BREATHE... YOU ARE!



**FWOOWMM!!**

LOOK, CAROL-- DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO HURT YOU!

I'M TAKING YOU--



--IN-- WHOA!

SO BUSY TRACKING CAROL I DIDN'T NOTICE-- AN AIR FORCE JET?!

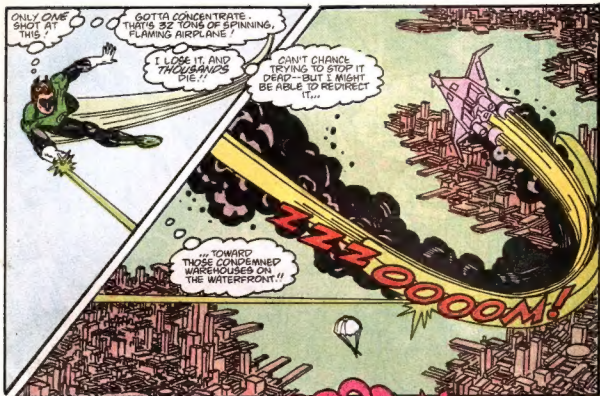
OVER A METROPOLITAN AREA?!

WHAT THE DEVIL IS AN F-14 DOING-- OH, NO.

CAROL'S SAPPHIRE BLAST WAS NEVER MEANT FOR ME!

IT TAGGED THE JET!

IT'S CRIPPLED-- CARTWHEELING TOWARD DOWNTOWN COAST CITY!!





MOMENTS  
LATER...

EMERGENCY  
CREWS ARE ON  
THEIR WAY.

THIS COULD JUST  
AS EASILY HAVE BEEN  
THE HEART OF DOWN-  
TOWN. INSTEAD OF EMPTY  
WAREHOUSES, THESE COULD  
HAVE BEEN SKYSCRAPERS  
TEEMING WITH HUMAN  
LIFE.

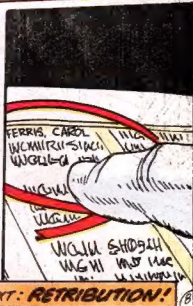
WHAT'S IT  
ALL ABOUT,  
CAROL?  
WHAT?

WHY KILL  
MY FRIENDS?  
WHY THREATEN  
INNOCENTS?

AND  
WHERE  
ARE  
YOU?!

MISTER--  
MISTER!

THAT... CRAZY BROAD  
WHO SHOT ME DOWN GAVE  
ME SOMETHING FOR YOU.



**NEXT: RETRIBUTION!**

MY NAME IS DEADMAN AND I'VE BEEN DEAD A LONG TIME. BUT I DON'T GET TO REST-- A CRAZY WIGGED-OUT GODDESS NAMED RAMA GAVE ME THE POWER TO HANG AROUND--GET PEOPLE'S HEADS AND MAKE 'EM DO WHAT EVER I WANT THEM TO DO. ONLY RAMA MADE ME PROMISE TO MAKE THEM DO GOOD.

I STUMBLED INTO WHAT LOOKS LIKE A SECRET CIA OPERATION IN BELIZE, HEADQUARTERED AT A NEWLY DISCOVERED MAYAN TEMPLE. THE SECTION CHIEF WAS A TOUGH BROAD NAMED GRACE KASABA. WHEN I FOLLOWED HER INTO THE PYRAMID I GOT A BIG SURPRISE, BECAUSE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE INVISIBLE, SEE.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

# DEADMAN<sup>TM</sup> CHAPTER TWO

## SHOWDOWN

YOU CAN SEE ME?

THAT'S RIGHT. WHITE SKIN AND RED TIGHTS. THIS BUILDING IS OFF-LIMITS! YOU'RE AMERICAN, AREN'T YOU? TALK. YOU'D RATHER TALK TO ME THAN TO MY TROOPS. I ASSURE YOU.

SO I GET WHAT I THINK IS DIVINE INSPIRATION.

MIKE BARON  
WRITER

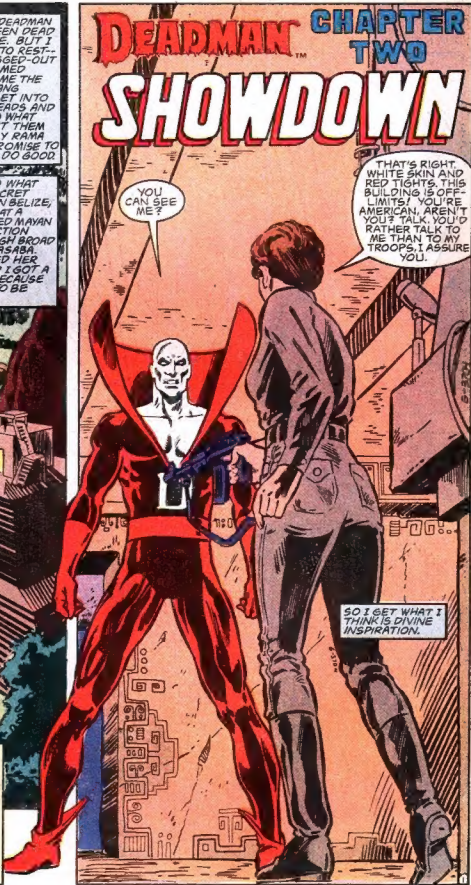
DAN JURGENS  
PENCILLER

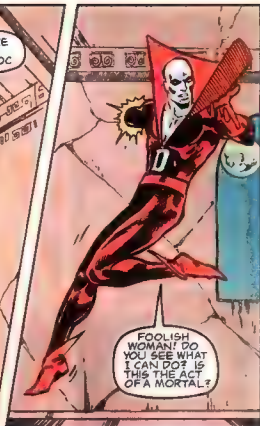
TONY DEZUNIGA  
INKER

STEVE HAYNIE  
LETTERER

LIZ BERUBE  
COLORIST

BARBARA RANDALL  
EDITOR







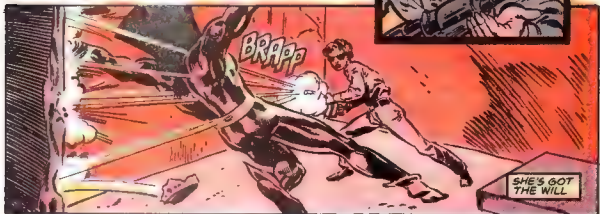


WAIT!  
DON'T TELL  
ME...YOU WANT  
TO CONQUER  
THE WORLD  
RIGHT?

YOU'RE A TRICKSTER.  
YOU SEEK TO CONFUSE,  
AND TO MOCK



FATE HAS  
AWAKENED ME  
AND PLACED  
THESE MODERN  
WEAPONS IN  
MY HANDS.  
YOU ARE SIMPLY  
HERE TO TEST  
MY WILL.



SHE'S GOT  
THE WILL



MAJOR! WHAT  
HAPPENED? WHO  
ARE YOU  
SHOOTING AT?

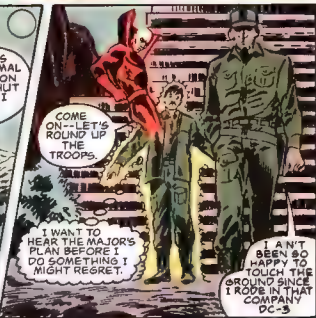
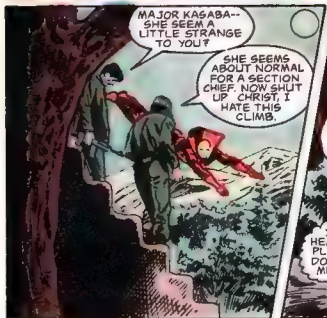
OUR ENEMIES SENT  
A TRICKSTER TO  
PLAGUE US, BUT I  
SCARED HIM AWAY.

HUH?



GATHER THE TROOPS,  
JONES. I WILL  
ADDRESS THEM IN  
FIFTEEN MINUTES  
IN FRONT OF THE  
TEMPLE.

HEY, MAJOR,  
IT'S ONE O'CLOCK  
IN THE MORNING.  
DON'T YOU WANT  
TO WAIT FOR  
DAYLIGHT?

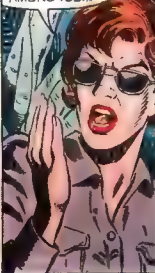


HEY, MAJOR--  
SHOULDN'T  
WE CLEAR  
THIS WITH  
LANGLEY?  
WE'RE STILL  
WAITING  
FOR AN ARMS  
SHIPMENT.



IF I SHOOT  
HER,  
TALAOC  
WOULD  
LOSE HIS  
FOOTHOLD  
OR WOULD  
HE?

EVERY SECOND WE  
WAIT, THE FOREIGN  
DEVIL GROWS STRONGER!  
TO ENSURE OUR  
SUCCESS, WE MUST  
OFFER A SACRIFICE  
I SEE A TRAITOR  
AMONG YOU...



GRAB  
JONES! HE  
IS THE  
TRAITOR!  
BRING HIM  
UP HERE!



WHA--? I DIDN'T  
FOOL HER FOR A  
SECOND! SHE CAN SEE  
ME EVEN WHEN I'M  
INHABITING  
SOMEONE!



HOW COULD  
YOU THINK I  
WOULD NOT  
KNOW YOU,  
TRICKSTER?



THINK FAST OR  
OUR PAL JONES  
IS DEAD MEAT



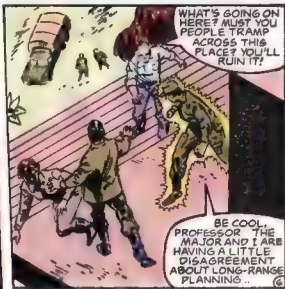
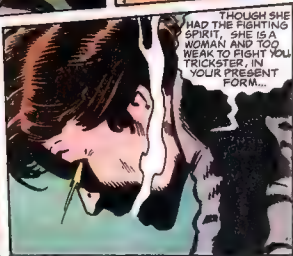
QUETZELCOATL,  
TAKE THIS  
GIFT!



HOLD THE  
GIFT ONE  
SECOND!









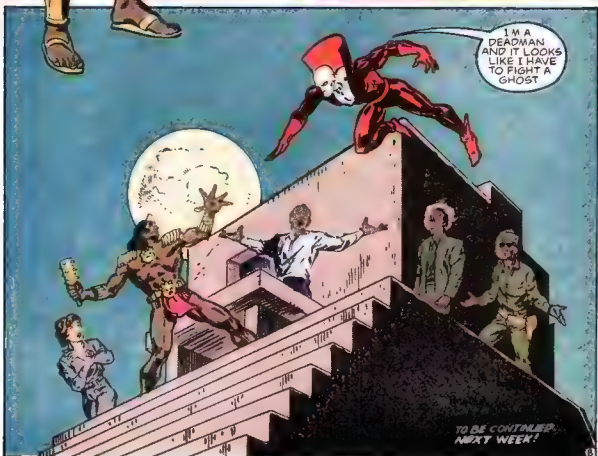
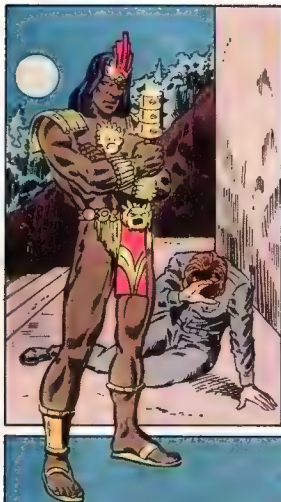
PAH--IT'S A FEVER. THEY SHOULD NOT HAVE SENT A WOMAN TO DO A MAN'S JOB



COME, TRICKSTER--FACE ME NOW IF YOU HAVE THE COURAGE



I SEE...





# WILD DOG

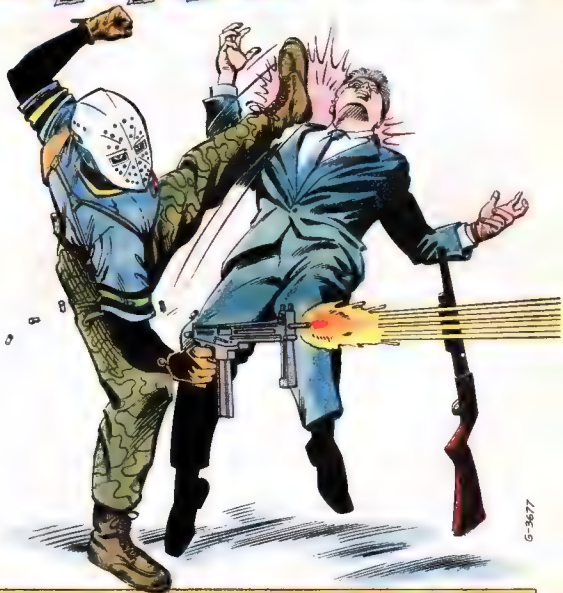
"MORAL STAND"



Chapter Two:

## DOG GONE

"IT HAS BEEN THREE MONTHS SINCE THE ENIGMATIC, SELF-APPOINTED ARBITER OF JUSTICE KNOWN AS WILD DOG MADE HIS LAST VIOLENT FORAY INTO THE PUBLIC EYE..."



MAX COLLINS TERRY BEATTY  
WRITER-CREATORS-PENCILLER

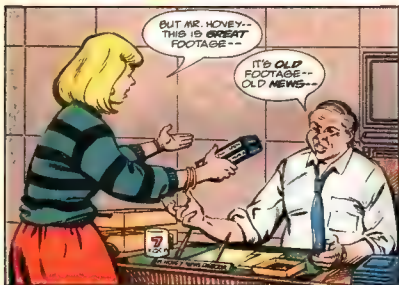
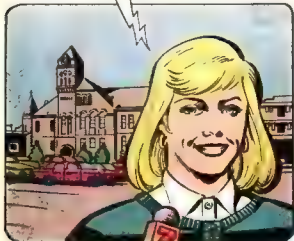
JOHN NYBERG  
INKER

GROBY

LETTERER  
MICHELLE WOLFMAN • COLORIST

MIKE GOLD  
EDITOR

I'M SUSAN KING, EYEWITNESS NEWS -- SINCE THE FIRST DAY WILD DOG BURST ONTO THE QUAD CITIES SCENE, THIS REPORTER ...





REMOTE! ANOTHER  
REMOTE--THE MOST  
REMOTE REMOTE  
YET!

DON'T BE SILLY, KID...  
WE'RE JUST HEADED  
OVER TO ROCK ISLAND!

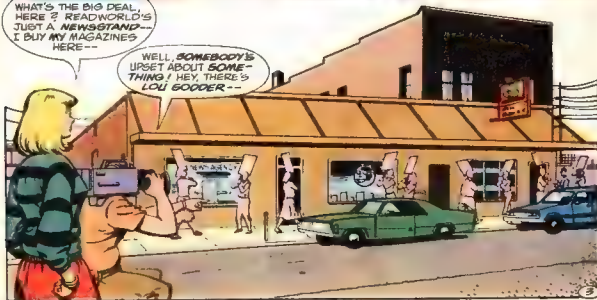
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN, LEN.  
I'M JUST SICK OF BEING  
HANDLED THESE INCONSEQUENTIAL,  
BORING, HAPPY NEWS SIDEBARS.

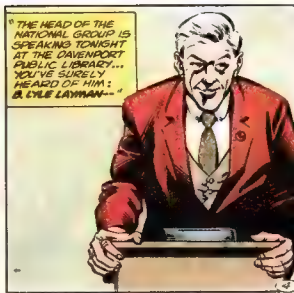
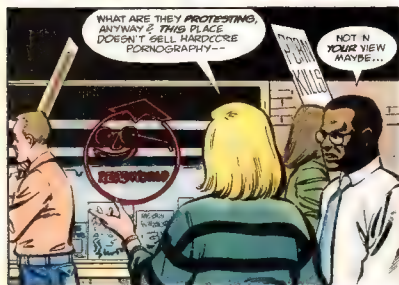
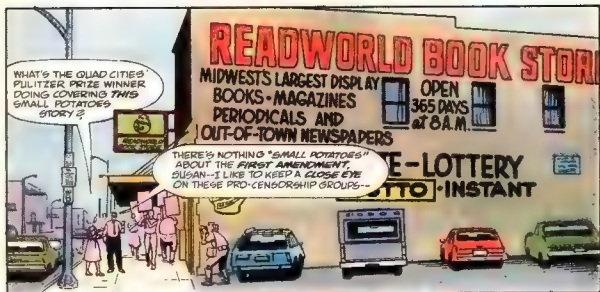
I DON'T THINK  
THIS ONE'S EXACTLY  
A HAPPY NEWS  
ASSIGNMENT,  
BABE--



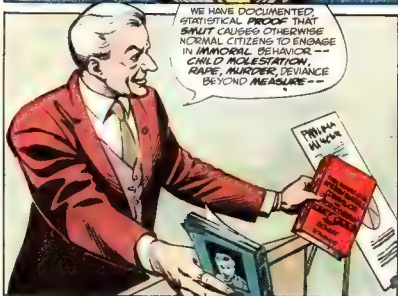
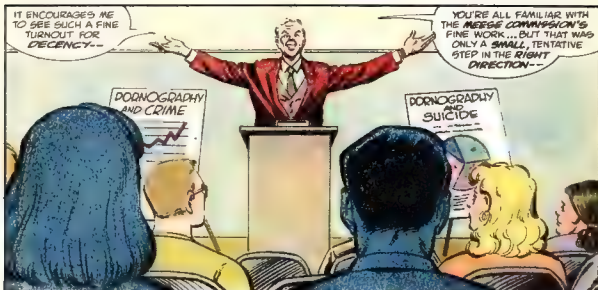
WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL,  
HERE? READWORLD'S  
JUST A NEWSSTAND--  
I BUY MY MAGAZINES  
HERE--

WELL, SOMEBODY'S  
UPSET ABOUT SOME-  
THING! HEY, THERE'S  
LOU SOODER--





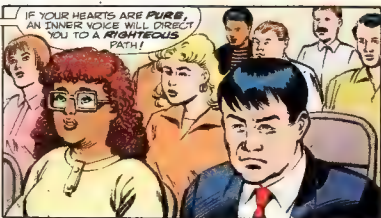




OUR FOREFATHERS THREW **TEA**  
INTO THE ATLANTIC -- WHY SHOULD  
**TODAY'S** AMERICANS HESITATE  
BEFORE CASTING PORNOGRAPHY  
INTO THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER?

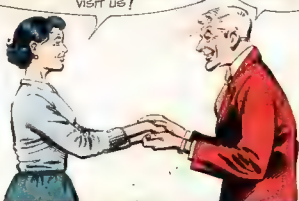


IF YOUR HEARTS ARE **PURE**,  
AN INNER VOICE WILL DIRECT  
YOU TO A **RIGHTEOUS**  
PATH!

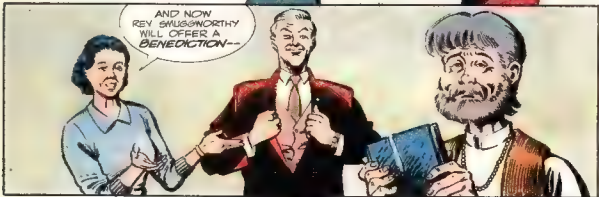


WE OF THE LOCAL CHAPTER OF THE  
LEGION OF MORALITY ARE **THRILLED**  
TO HAVE OUR NATIONAL CHAIRMAN  
VISIT US!

IT'S MY  
**DUTY... AND**  
MY **PLEASURE!**



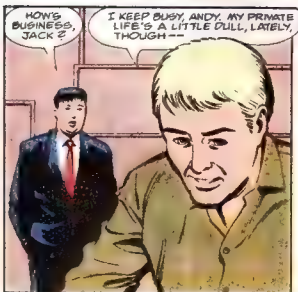
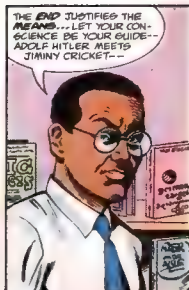
AND NOW  
REV SMUGSWORTHY  
WILL OFFER A  
**BENEDICTION--**

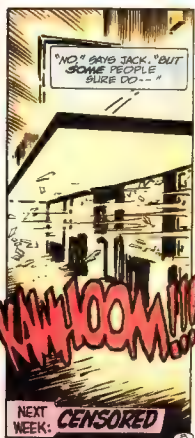


I'M SURPRISED TO SEE YOU  
HERE, ANDY--SINCE WHEN IS  
**LT. FLINT** A PORN  
WATCHDOG? YOU  
TRANSFER TO  
**VICE**?

I'M NO FAN OF FILTH, LOU--  
PORNOGRAPHY HAS ITS VICTIMS...  
LIKE RUNAWAY GIRLS WHO  
GET CAUGHT UP IN IT.





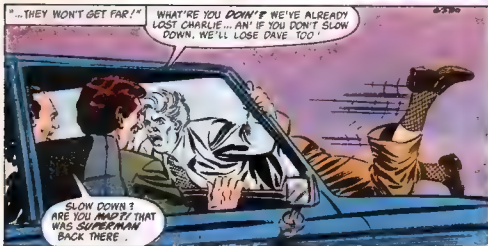
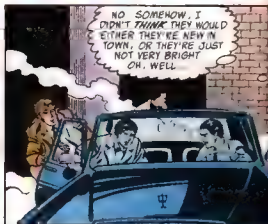




# SUPERMAN<sup>®</sup> "THEY CAN RUN,

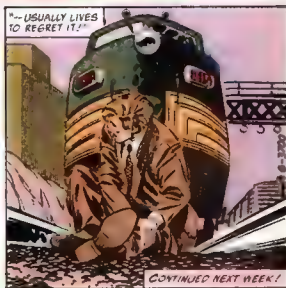
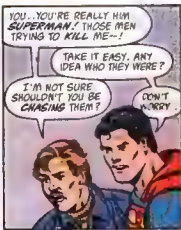
Created by  
JERRY SEIGEL &  
JOE SHUSTER

SEEING A LIFE THREATENED AT A METROPOLIS RAILYARD, THE MAN OF STEEL HAS FLOWN TO THE RESCUE ...



# BUT THEY CAN'T HIDE!

STERN - WRITER  
SWAN - PENCILLER  
J. BEATTY - INKER  
OAKLEY - LETTERER  
ZUKO - COLORIST  
CARLIN - EDITOR



CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!

# THE SECRET SIX!

YOU MAY BE STRANGERS TO ONE ANOTHER... BUT MOCKINGBIRD KNOWS WHO--AND WHAT--YOU ARE



YOU, FOR EXAMPLE-- VIC SOMMERS YOU WERE ONE OF THE MOST-DECORATED MARINES TO SERVE IN VIET NAM--



--A RECOVERED P.O.W. BLINDED BY SHRAPNEL FROM A VIET CONG LAND MINE.

MITCH HOBBERMAN. YOU WERE A SCULPTOR AND MODEL-MAKER WHO BECAME ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S LEADING SPECIAL EFFECTS ARTISTS...



UNTIL A SEVERE CASE OF RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS CRIPPLED YOUR HANDS.

AND LADONNA JAMER. ONE OF THE FASTEST-RISING ACTRESSES ON THE NEW YORK THEATER SCENE.



UNLIKE VIC, YOUR EYESIGHT SURVIVED--BUT NOT YOUR CAREER.

...UNTIL A DEMENTED FAN OF YOUR TV SOAP OPERA THREW ACID ON YOUR FACE AND THROAT.

THE EMERGENCY SURGERY THAT SAVED YOUR LIFE REQUIRED THE REMOVAL OF YOUR LARYNX... LEAVING YOU NOT ONLY DISFIGURED, BUT MUTE.

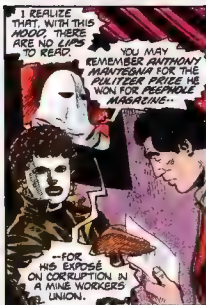
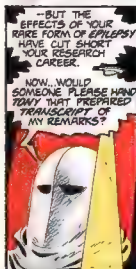
LUKE MCKENDRICK OLYMPIC GOLD MEDALIST IN TRACK, WITH MANY MORE MEETS AHEAD OF YOU...



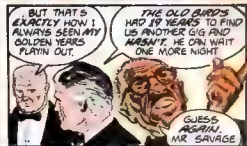
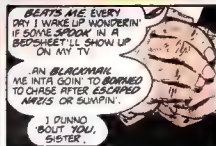
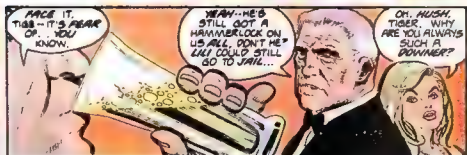
...UNTIL TERRORISTS PLANTED A BOMB ABOARD A U.S. TEAM BUS AT ONE OF THE SUMMER GAMES--AND YOU LOST BOTH LEGS IN THE TRAGEDY.

## LOOK WHAT FELL OUT OF THE SKY TODAY

WRITTEN BY MARTIN PASKO  
DRAWN BY DAN SPIEGLE  
LETTERED BY CARRIE SPIEGLE  
COLORED BY CARL GAFFORD  
EDITED BY DICK GIORDANO







QUIET...I DON'T  
HEAR SO GOOD NO  
MORE, AND THIS  
TAPE WE CAN'T  
REPLAY.

I COME TO YOU  
TONIGHT WITH YOUR  
EIGHTH--AND FINAL--  
MISSION--

IS HE OUT  
OF HIS MIND? I'M  
20 YEARS OLD.  
DAMMIT!

WHAT  
USE COULD WE  
POSSIBLY BE  
TO EEM  
NOW?

I TRUST YOU  
RECOGNIZE THAT  
AIRCRAFT--THE VTOL  
I ONCE REGULARLY DIS-  
PATCHED FOR YOUR  
USE.

REBUILT  
AND  
MODERNIZED,  
OF COURSE.

IT WILL TAKE  
YOU TO YOUR  
DESTINATION IN  
SAN FRANCISCO--

"WHERE YOU WILL BEGIN THE  
TRAINING OF YOUR SUCCESSORS  
--THE NEW SECRET SIX."

DR. VERDUGO, THAT  
SPECIALLY DESIGNED HELMET  
WILL STIMULATE YOUR BRAIN  
WITH RHYTHMIC PULSES OF  
ELECTRICAL CURRENT...  
...AND ELIMINATE  
THE MOTOR DISTURBANCES,  
BIZARRE MOOD SWINGS AND  
SEVERE MEMORY LAPSES  
CAUSED BY YOUR CONDITION.

THE GLOVES FOR  
YOU, MITCH, WORK IN A  
SIMILAR MANNER: THEIR  
ELECTRICAL CHARGE STIMULATES  
MUSCLE MOBILITY AND  
BLOCKS PAIN.

WITH THEM, YOU  
CAN ENJOY A FULL RANGE  
OF NORMAL MOTION.

YOU WILL BE  
ABLE TO WORK  
AGAIN.

FOR ME

THE SPECIAL  
DEVICE I HAVE  
DESIGNED FOR YOU,  
ADONNA, WILL  
PERMIT YOU TO  
SPEAK...

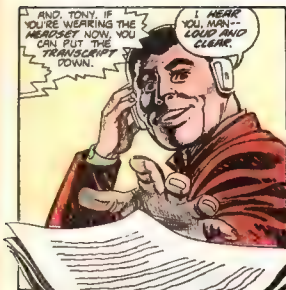
THROUGH THE  
MOST SOPHISTICATED  
ARTIFICIAL VOICEBOX  
YET DESIGNED

I... I CAN  
HEAR MYSELF  
IT. IT SOUNDS  
BEAUTIFUL.

TOTALLY  
INDISTINGUISHABLE  
FROM NORMAL  
HUMAN SPEECH.

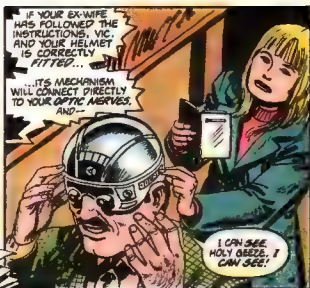
WITH THOSE  
CYBERNETIC LEGS,  
LUKE, YOU COULD PROBABLY  
BEAT ANY OF YOUR OLD  
RECORDS--OR ANYONE'S  
ELSE'S

HOW LONG  
BEFORE I CAN  
TRY, DUDE?



AND, TONY, IF YOU'RE WEARING THE HEADSET NOW, YOU CAN PUT THE TRANSCRIPT DOWN.

I HEAR YOU, MAN--  
LOUD AND CLEAR.



IF YOUR EX-WIFE HAS FOLLOWED THE INSTRUCTIONS, VIC, AND YOUR HELMET IS CORRECTLY FITTED...

...ITS MECHANISM WILL CONNECT DIRECTLY TO YOUR OPTIC NERVES, AND--

I CAN SEE.  
HOLY GEEZ, I CAN SEE!



ALL THAT TIME--YOU VISITIN' ME IN THE HOSPITAL--

--I KEPT WONDERIN' WHAT YOU LOOKED LIKE NOW, 'CAUSE IN MY HEAD, I WAS SEEN' THE GUY I MARRIED

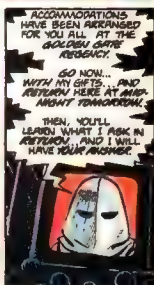
AND THE ONLY WAY I COULD STAND NOT REALLY SEEN' YA...



...WAS TELLIN' MYSELF YOU CHANGED?

NOW I THINK ABOUT YOU GOIN' BACK TO AMM, AND I...OH, GOD...

...I WISH I'D BEEN RIGHT.



ACCOMMODATIONS HAVE BEEN ARRANGED FOR YOU ALL AT THE GOLDEN GATE RESIDENCY.

GO NOW... WITH MY GIFTS... AND RETURN HERE AT MID-NIGHT TOMORROW!

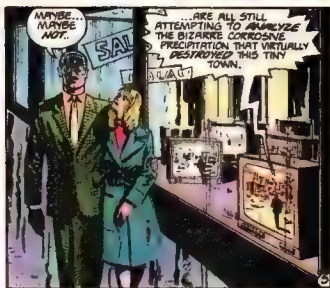
THEN, YOU'LL LEARN WHAT I ASK IN RETURN, AND I WILL HAVE YOUR ANSWER.



FIRST HE GETS US AWAKED, THEN TOMORROW NIGHT, HE REELS US IN.

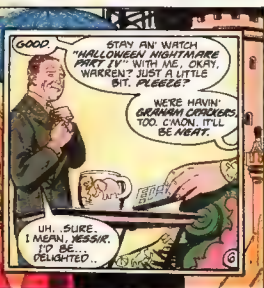
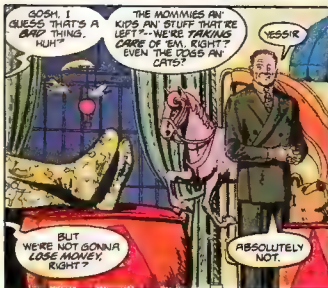
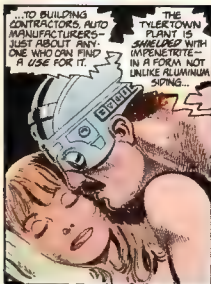
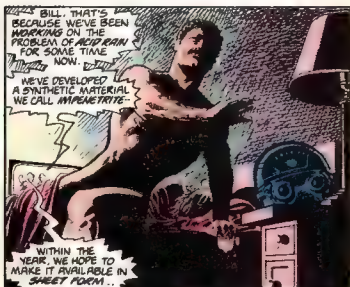
BUT WHO IS HE? HOW DOES HE KNOW ABOUT US? AND WHAT'S TO STOP US FROM MAKING OFF WITH THESE THINGS?

MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT TOMORROW...

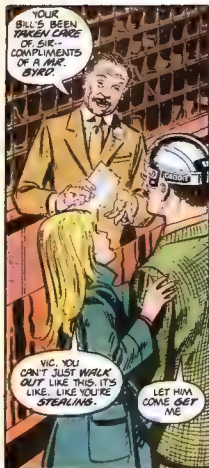


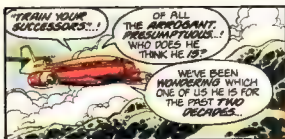
MAYBE... MAYBE NOT.

...ARE ALL STILL ATTEMPTING TO ANALYZE THE BIZARRE CORROSIVE PRECIPITATION THAT VIRTUALLY DESTROYED THIS TINY TOWN.









OF ALL THE ARROGANT, PRESUMPTUOUS...! WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS?

WE'VE BEEN WONDERING WHICH ONE OF US HE IS FOR THE PAST TWO DECADES...



AND SINCE WE STILL DON'T KNOW, I'VE GIVEN UP ON EVER FINDING OUT.

AND YA NEVER WILL-- UNLESS WE GO INTO A STEEP CLIMB--FAST!

MON DIEU!



WHAT IS HAPPENING?

I DON'T KNOW! THE FLIGHT-PLAN'S COMPUTERIZED AND LOCKED IN--

--BUT I THINK THE AUTO-PILOT PROGRAM'S BEEN TAMPERED WITH!



I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO ENGAGE THE MANUAL OVERRIDE... BUT SHE JUST WON'T RESPOND!



I'M SORRY, GUYS-- I TRIED-- BUT IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE--

NEXT WEEK: THE FIRST ASSIGNMENT BEGINS FOR...THE NEW SECRET SIX!



## BIG BIG NEWS ABOUT A SMALL SMALL HERO

### The Atom

*He can instantly shrink in size from six feet to six inches, to six micro inches (a micro-inch is one millionth of an inch)! He has the explosive power of an atom bomb in his fists!*

*He can speed from place to place by traveling through telephone wires!"*

—House Ad for SHOWCASE #34, October 1961

Some 26 years ago, I was idly flipping through a DC comic (a "Superman-DC-National Comic," actually), when I was grabbed, rather forcefully, by the above quoted copy. It was pretty compelling stuff, especially for the eight-year-old nouveau comics maniac I was back then. Add in the gorgeous Gil Kane/Murphy Anderson cover art reproduced immediately adjacent to that grabby hyperbole, and I was gone. I was sold!

He traveled through telephone wires—WOW!

### A SHORT HISTORY

Like THE FLASH and GREEN LANTERN before him, THE ATOM was one of editor Julius Schwartz's Silver Age revivals. Unlike his fellow champions, though, the Atom was more than simply a straightforward update of a Golden Age hero, he was an original character who took only his name from the earlier source.

Whereas the original, 1940s Atom had been simply a somewhat undersized guy with an inferiority complex and a mean left hook, the makeover took into account the increased scientific awareness of the latter-day audiences and Schwartz and writer Gardner Fox strove to make the name "Atom" really mean what it said.

The Atom's story began in a nuclear physics lab on the Ivy University campus. The soon to be Mighty Mite, Ray Palmer, "graduate student and fellowship research physicist," was working diligently on an experiment in matter compression. He hoped to help farmers increase their yield by allowing them to grow more volume on the same amount of land. Toward these ends, Palmer ground a lens from a fragment of white dwarf star that he had retrieved after watching the fragment crash to earth.

By focusing ultraviolet light through this lens, Ray found that the resulting ray would dramatically reduce what ever is bathed in it. Unfortunately what

ever was shrunk would also explode in moments. Determined despite his obvious frustration, Palmer doggedly pursued his dream.

Taking a break, Ray and his girl friend, lawyer Jean Loring, led a group of youngsters on a nature club hike that culminated in an exploration of giant caverns. When a cave-in trapped the group, our hero faced a drastic choice. Searching by himself for a way out, Ray found sunlight streaming in through a hole in the rock wall... a hole much too small for a six-footer like himself. Selflessly, Palmer decided to risk certain doom by exposing himself to his shrinking ray.



Placing his dwarf star lens (he carried it with him) in the sun beam, he stepped beneath it and found himself suddenly six inches tall. Racing against what he is sure is his own inevitable explosion, aided by the fact that he has somehow retained the strength of his full size, Ray set to work enlarging the opening. His job complete, Palmer staggered back under the ray and was inexplicably but safely returned to actual size. Once the cave is evacuated and the adventure over, Ray determined that some force in his own body had protected him from the instability and had allowed him to return to proper size.

In very short order he not only mastered the size changing procedure, but fashioned a costume incorporating fibers from the dwarf star fragment. The costume internalized the ultraviolet process while a device in his belt allowed Ray to control his size change and his proportionate weight. An added bonus was that when stretched to fit his full size, the costume became invisible and intangible. Before you can say "up, up and away," Ray Palmer was in the super-hero biz—as the Atom.

The character proved popular in his three appearances in SHOWCASE and was quickly awarded his own title. There the Atom fought crime in his own unique way. One of the Atom's favorite crook-bashing methods was to reduce his weight to almost nothing and float unnoticed over his target, then by adjusting the weight control on his belt he would drop a six-inch-tall, 180-pound bomb on the jaw of a startled

hood. And by riding the electrical impulses of a telephone transmission at near-molecular size, the Atom could indeed travel by phone.

The Tiny Titan also enjoyed a successful career as a member of the original Justice League of America, which he joined in that title's fourteenth issue. When the Atom lost his book after 45 issues (during the last seven of which he shared billing and adventures with fellow good-guy Hawkman), our hero went on to supporting roles in DETECTIVE and ACTION COMICS. These appearances unfortunately dwindled until the Atom... dropped out of sight.

Several years later, when we next saw Ray Palmer, things weren't going so well for him. He was a professor of physics at his alma mater, Ivy U, and married to his former sweetheart, Jean Loring. Ray's double life and his wife's growing problems with it put a serious strain on their marriage. When Jean became involved with a fellow lawyer, things exploded and Ray and Jean went their separate ways.

This was the setup for the Atom's comeback in the SWORD OF THE ATOM mini-series by writer Jan Strnad and the hero's original artist, Gil Kane. The story followed an emotionally shattered Palmer as he headed out on an expedition to South America to lose himself in his work. When his plane crashed in the Amazon, Ray disappeared and was presumed dead.

What we discovered actually happened, though, was that the Atom became trapped in his six-inch size when his controls were damaged in the crash. Dealing with the obvious problems of a tiny man lost in the Amazon jungle was not the whole story, however, as Ray soon stumbled upon and became involved with a six-inch-tall warrior race, the descendants of a group of exiled alien criminals. There followed the Atom's new life as a sort of "Palmer the Barbarian" as he faced romance and court intrigue by helping the aliens overthrow a tyrant leader. The Atom was exposed to white dwarf star radiation from the alien city's power plant, and as he suddenly regained the ability to grow he left the aliens and a newfound love behind.

Full sized but dazed, Ray stumbled out of the jungle, was rescued and returned to the U.S. and so ended the four-issue mini-series. A short time later, a series of specials picked up the story.

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Back home, the Palmers attempted, unsuccessfully, to reconcile their marriage. Frying to return to the jungle and his new life, Ray consented to participate in a book about his life and adventures to raise money to head back to the Amazon. Once back among the

molecularly melded to Ray and enables him to operate as the Atom at any size from his own six feet on down to that now famous six micro-inches. Regardless of his size, he's able to make the costume appear or disappear at will, allowing him a much wider range of effectiveness.



tiny alien culture, the Atom decided to stay six inches tall and live out his life with his new friends.

That might have been the last we heard from the Mighty Mite, but the folks here at DC know better than to let a good character retire, and so once again there is BIG, BIG news about everyone's favorite small, small hero.

#### THE POWER OF THE ATOM

Our new series brings Ray Palmer back to the US and Ivytown for good. He also returns to the life of a super-hero. But it's not just a back to basics situation, a whole lot has changed since Ray's been gone. For one thing, he needs to pick up what little is left of his former life, not to mention the fact that the book he collaborated on is a best-seller and everyone now knows his secret identity.

The new book is the brainstorm of veteran comics writer Roger Stern, who wants to give the Atom a second chance—but doesn't want to make it too easy on the hero.

Stern plans all kinds of complications for the Atom and Ray Palmer, not the least of which is the new, unwanted celebrity of a public super-hero. Reporters will descend on Ivytown, intent on satisfying the inquiring minds of the world.

Another wrinkle in the new adventures is the fact that the CIA is very interested in Ray's return to heroing. If they can get the Atom to work for them, they'll be very happy; if not, well.

Re-establishing old ties won't be any easier for Palmer, ex-wife Jean has remarried and moved away, his friend Norman Brawler, the author of the book about the Atom, owns Ray's house and his former lab assistant, Enrichetta Negrini, now has his old job. The going definitely gets tough.

Despite all this, Stern promises that the Atom will adapt and face his problems with a wry sense of humor.

The news isn't all bad, though. In his latest adventures, the Atom has a new costume and more control over his powers than ever. The new costume is

All of which the Atom will need as he resumes his career. Before he gets a chance to get too comfortable, a whole slew of new villains show up to test his mettle, and old foes such as Chronos won't be far behind. Certain members of the aforementioned CIA can't be considered friends either. It all promises to be nonstop fun and games for the Tiny Titan.

Joining writer Stern in presenting the adventures of the world's most amazing super-hero is newcomer artist Dwayne Turner and inker Keith Wilson, all overseen by Mike Carlin, Editor of Steel.

If you're wondering what events led up to the Atom's leaving the jungle and re-entering society, you'll have to start by reading the final SWORD OF THE

ATOM special, on sale now, which leads into the SECRET ORIGINS issue starring the Atom, which in turn leads directly into the first issue of THE POWER OF THE ATOM—collect the whole set.

For me, this looks like great stuff. Once again I'm gone... sold (and I work here now, they don't have to sell me).

Oh, and ... yes, the Atom still speeds from place to place by telephone wires. Up and at 'em, Atom!

—Brian Augustyn

\*\*\*\*\*



## ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ VOTE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Just as soon as you've finished this issue of ACTION COMICS WEEKLY, write us a letter or a postcard and rank this issue's stories in order of preference: the one you like the most first, the one you liked second second and so on. Each week, we'll tally the vote and print the results right here in our letter column. Your opinion counts, so VOTE!

Send your ballots to:

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# BLACKHAWK™



## ANOTHER FINE WAR PART 2

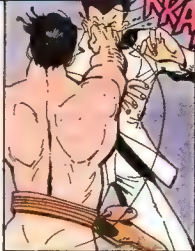
WRITTEN BY **MIKE GRELL** ART BY **RICK BURCHETT & PABLO MARCOS**  
LETTERED BY **STEVE HAYNIE** COLORED BY **TOM ZILKO** EDITED BY **MIKE GOLD** (2)



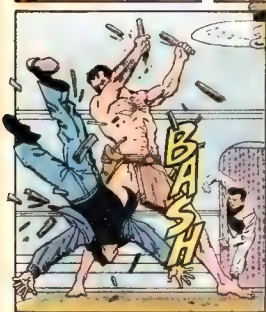
**SMASH**



**WHACK**



**KRAK**

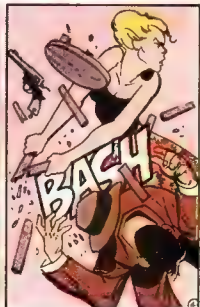
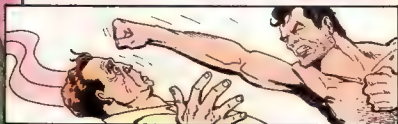
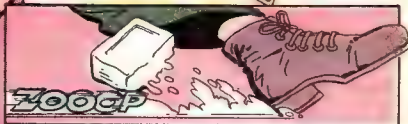
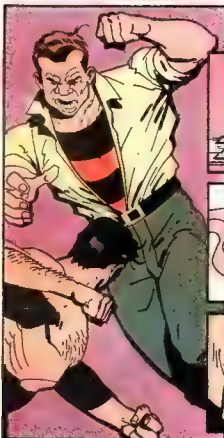
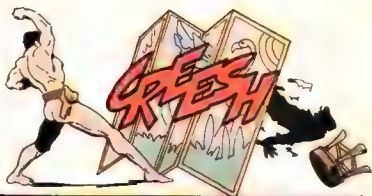


**BASH**

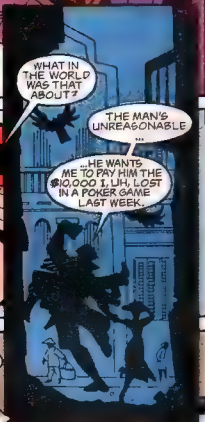
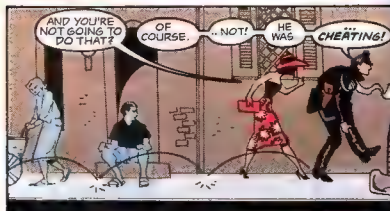
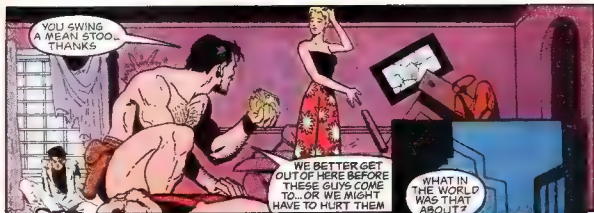


**KA-WHAM**













I'D SAY YOU'RE EITHER VERY RICH...

...OR YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH **CLAIRE CHENAULT** AND A LITTLE OPERATION OF HIS CALLED **AIR AMERICA**.



IF YOU'LL START LISTENING WITH YOUR **BRAIN** INSTEAD OF YOUR **GROIN**, YOU MAY FIND WHAT I HAVE TO SAY RATHER INTERESTING.

**FWACK**

DID YOU KNOW THAT FROM THIS ANGLE, I CAN SEE RIGHT UP YOUR DRESS?

IT HAS TO DO WITH SEVERAL MILLION DOLLARS IN **GOLD**...

...AND IT'S **FINDERS KEEPERS!**

**NEXT WEEK:  
THE RED DRAGON!**



# SUPERMAN

## THEY CAN RUN, BUT THEY CAN'T HIDE!

Created by  
JERRY SEIBEL &  
JOE SHUSTER

STORY - WRITER  
SWAN - PENCILLER  
J. BEATTY - INKER  
OAKLEY - LETTERER  
ZUKO - COLORIST  
CARLIN - EDITOR



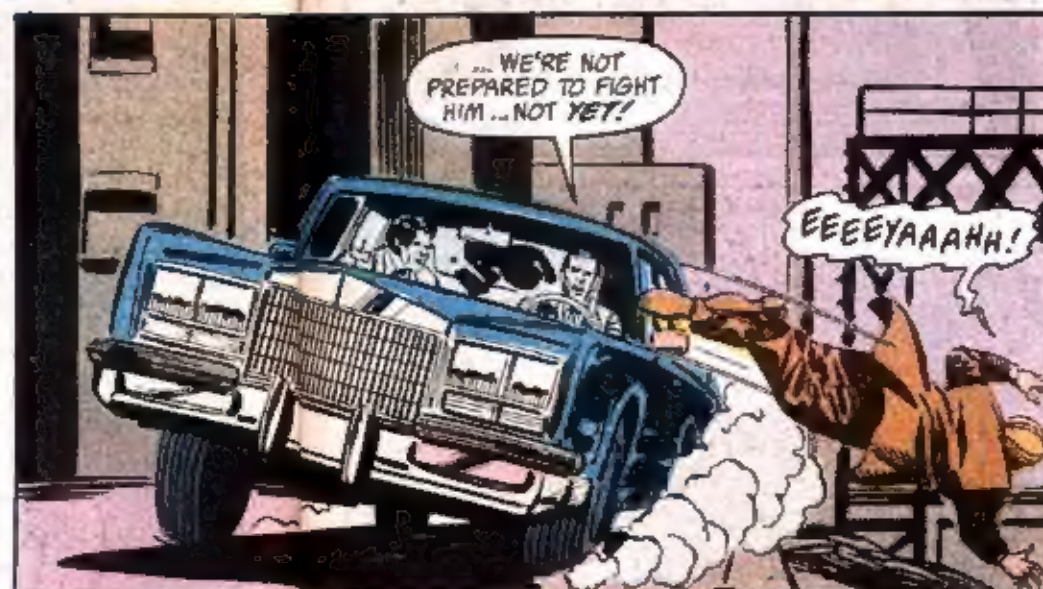
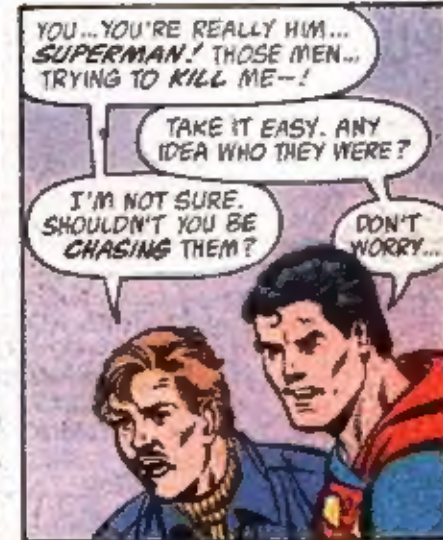
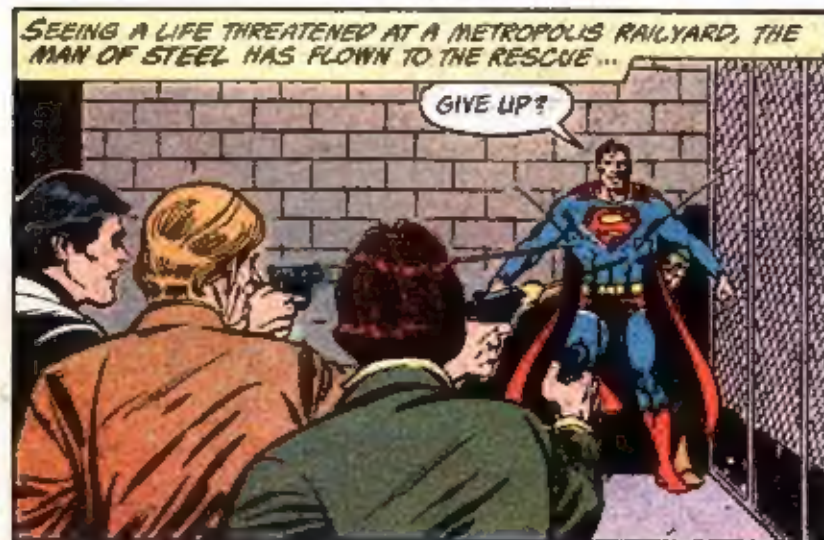
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!



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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!